



CANIBUS

FOR WHOM THE BEAT TOLLS



Canibus Lyrics

"For Whom The Beat Tolls"

[Sample: from "Dagon" by H. P. Lovecraft]

"I am writing under appreciable strain
Since by tonight I should be no more"

[Casting spell]

[Canibus:]

Yo, my hands are dirty 'cause I shook yours
Yea, you tried to curse me 'cause I took yours
But where?, somewhere, nowhere near
I walk where no man dares
So the world could share one man's fair
My cares are your cares
Your tears are my tears
When you talk to God, I eavesdrop on your prayers
I eavesdrop on your prayers
The industry could not stop my career
Fuck your record sales, where's your skills at?
You gotta million fans, but you're still wack
I can't feel that, what they've been exposed to is not real rap
Real rap is like chemical crack
I'm drippin' by my addiction is stealin' and bring it back
I prove it on every single track; I prove it on every single track
This is real Hip-Hop before it became rap
Do these magazines mention that? NO!
Does radio pay attention to that? NO!
Do they thank us for representin' that? No!
You think I let 'em get away with that? NO!
They just use us, abuse us
Stupid fuckin' reality shows do not amuse us
But they don't give two fucks; I said they don't give two fucks
Now it's all up to you, buts...

[Church bell sounds]

Canibus Lyrics

"Harbinger Of Light"

[Intro:]

Yea, the life of the world
Let me share somethin' witchu
What does not die that'll eternally thrives the free minds
That's who you know you're alive

[Canibus:]

I was spiritual first
She cut my umbilical at the physical birth
And welcomed me to miserable Earth
Why does it hurt?
She layed me on my back under the dirt
Cover my girth with a dirty shirt
What could be worst?
She said - "God bless the dead but they got at easy"
The livin' get left behind but still can't live their life completely
Tough luck, right before I was about to give up
I passed out emotionally bankrupt
In the dead vegetation it was dark brown red like menstruation
I couldn't eat it despite the temptation
I was hungry and impatient
My hands were shakin', I stopped payment
They botched my face in operation
Nip and Tuck, livin' it up
DAMN! "Why you still spittin' 'Bus?"
"Cause you don't listen to my lyrics enough"
At night from a satellite view the city's a heart
The red and white blood cells are the lights on cars
From that distance look down and observe my lyrics
The atmospheres of organism we apparently living
Since the beginning, The Law of Three, The Law of Seven
On question, the principle of scale or heaven
Law One thru Forty Eight
Law Forty Nine is the loophole I use to escape
Buy the album; get a \$50 dollar rebate, before it's too late
2012 is the bill due date
Before that, it's 2008, I know you can't relate
Just by the confuse look on your face, you can't wait
It won't be much longer now
Solar activity is gettin' stronger now
Al Gore was the Person of the Year, maybe more
Maybe I should be for my 400 bar song
Now I'm against the wall drinkin' alcohol at Taj Mahal
Without balance I am bound to fall
To chemicals are color coded
I highly encourage you not to smoke it
It makes you more curious, don't it?

Mass the throttle; crash it into your arch-rival
Tryin' to out drive you, every mili second is vital
Repsol motorcycles, psycho, breathe nitro
Brain cells glow with a light dose
SO!, I could Tokyo Drift with no Coke to sniff
I shift from 6th to 5th, I broke the shit
The gearbox slipped, red Marlboro's for hot lips
Order drinks, fire water type, toxic shit
Now I got you in the kill box, BITCH!
On 6, 5, 4, 3, I got this, 2, 1, 0, the shot hit
The unsung hero on some Hip-Hop shit
And I dare you to tell me to not spit
I evolve from clay and statue, from statue to flesh
From flesh to dirt, from dirt to death
Beyond that whatever life is left we gotta live it 'til the end
Hip-Hop is eternal my friend, we are the life

Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate Infinity V003"

[Sample:]

"Cycles of time; it is ubiquitous it goes all over the place
It's ancient, it's one of the most ancient symbols there are
And this is an interpretation of what that actually means"

[Canibus:]

This is never been done before with a rhyme outside the realm of time
It's the first of its kind
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
I WILL FOREVER BE THEILLEST LYRICALLY!!!

Nobody do it better, there ain't a truer Ripper
I did this separate imagine what we could do together
Inspired by GOD, inspired by the sufferin'
Was it done by a prophet? - it must of been
Who was it then? (Rip the Jacker)
Hot but cold blooded, many utter the name but very few love him
Other emcees be nervous or somethin'
Rhymes in abundance, Hip-Hop Justice
Rappers are captured and punished
The Polar Manitoba's melted by lava
A team of ER doctors climbed aboard the chopper
My skull is a submarine hull
I empty the ballast tanks I could smell the shit from the sea gulls
My mind dives deep beneath yours
Poseidon Trident Seahorse bubbles form I scream with extreme force
Marinari's Trench detour to Ultima Thule
Let me explain what my sonar saw
This is the greatest rhyme of all time supposedly
Through a term I'd like to call "Pulse Detonation Poetry"
Industrialists, civilians women and children directly
Military chiefs, aristocrats in buildings
Membership is based off your raw intelligence
400 screen video editing with hard evidence
Imagine being fined over a rhyme for steppin' over the line?
When I inspired Hova and Nas
Recite 33 3's 33 times
For 24 hours, 21 thousand Nautical miles
Don't be upset with Canibus yet, the kids just want respect
You been a success but what do he get?
Devine design, a miracle of Metallurgy
Every clergy member from Mecca who heard of me worshipped me
I got away nervously, talked about it purposefully
Next time I see it, it's gonna have a word with me
The Biological Chemical emergency
I purchase the beat; I resumed PsyOps on the enemy
Mix the blood so it don't coagulate

The sex magic won't work if the bitch masturbates
Nobody can hold me back, my flow bloats into a spiritual shape
A capsule in Space, no emcee could rhyme like this, there's no challenge
 His Poet Laureate should pontificates balance
 Telencephalon olfactory lobes I had to practice
When a woman has her period I smell it on the mattress
 Advanced Step In Innovative Mobility
 Most emcees try to clone me lyrically
They can't battle me so they'd rather embarrass me
 But I need a volunteer, do I have any?
 The NASA contractor with a satchel of answers
 I passed up the Nobel Peace Prize for my passion
 Most of you will never understand what I mean
 My dreams are broken into storyboard scenes
Kill you with green Lasers, evaporated weed vapour
Electromagnetic Scalar then somethin' they call a Maser
 "That is not dead which can eternally lie
 And with strange aeons even death may die"
The leaders lies got me reassigned, my loyalty was redefined
 They will not be allowed to see the rhymes
 In a town near Kadam and Kakrak Jalalabad
 I pray in a hut constructed from Sago Palm
I'ma take you for a walk thru a beautiful place called Honey Swamp
 We'll shoot hoops at Mosquito Lagoon Park
 Emotion manifest Thought
 Thought manifest Words Actions and Reality
 That's how it has to be
 The overseer of poetic antiquities
 Victoria and Albert Museum kept them for me
 Inject the gas into the centrifuge mass
 The Teleological Dynamic will enhance
 I remove the veil from in front of me
 Suddenly, truly, there is too much to see
 The Law of Attraction is attracted to me
The Laws of Poetry in action is practiced quite actively
 My body did not melt beyond the Van Allen Belt
 I was transformed into a spirit with no shell
I'm modifying the weather from behind a weather shield
 Writing with a feathered quill, gettin' more ill
 I hope I am not alone, that would be terrible
 If I am celebrating and that'd be a miracle
At least for my interconnected introspective perspective
The more pretentious, the more apprehensive the sentence
 Hip-Hop made me, Hip-Hop praise me
 Ain't nothin' changed me since 1980
 Involuntary catalepsy, BATTLE ME BABY!!!
 1000 BARS NIGGA!!!, Zero Vector System
 Brain waves reveal High Yield E&D Fields
 Chew emcees like I'm eatin' a meal
Normal life is not real; we are just cogs in a wheel
 We work, we hurt, we search, we feel
The microphonist that utilizes the study of Conics
Circular motion in both the Para and the hyperbolas

Mad Max beyond Thunderdome under Red Rock
It's no use if you can't use what you got
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si-Do
These are the tones that will activate your ohms
Who have lost their faith, who have lost their hope
Who have lost their point, who have lost their own
Are you food for the moon? The potion is you
Just in case you try to poison my food but I want you to
Rap music and those who listen to it don't owe me nothin'
I don't want nothin' from you, not even your judgement
I ride on a flatbed chariot, four Ostriches carry it
I control their movements with lariats
Polygraphs flutter, the Love Craft, Craft Lover
I don't want it, that's why I'm rarely seen in public
If I were you I wouldn't waste time readin' rubbish
I don't care what you say nigga, you're a nigga lover
The relative radiance of the rhyme makes it shine
Increase the star wattage with longer cycle time
How's my driving? Run you off the road smiling
1-800 Road Rage, Start dialing
Don't care if I make history, I wanna be a part of INFINITY
Look at what your SUN GOD did to me
I submit to the will of the creator willingly
The possibilities present a probable infinity
I climbed the slope shaped like a stop sign in record clock time
Hot Lava lock rhymes, rock slide topside
At the Observatory summit of Mount Graham
Lookin' through the starlight scope in my hand
Creative writing and rhythm, grammar and composition
Don't ignore me, ignore the fool who tell you don't listen
Strivin' my principle findings by designing a new style of rhyming
That you could take home and try out
A 100 Bars per hour, sometimes I doubled the writing
Secret signature time equals the hardest part to figure out
Poetically Paralyzing, Where Are You? Are you hiding?
No! I am Sandbag diving?
From the Kinetic to the Energetic
St. Germaine was made to explain the lesson with a 1000 bar message
Straight out the freak show no pre show
Limited oxygen when I rhyme fast you breathe slow
The Pope shook; they ransacked Rome and burnt books
I ran back home to hide mine in the woods
MOSES is a new weapon system secret code
CONUS is the continent of the US, I suppose
I don't have all the answers I am not in the know
I can only see what is above and only from below
Substratum of reality through the thick cloud canopy
How can it be Canibus? Answer me!
My shelter is not far, you can borrow what you need
The bunker doors sequestered beneath the tall tumble trees
Gold chords from the organ cut down your swordsman
Tell everybody to SHUT THE FUCK UP when I'm talkin'
From a very cold place called Faraday Base

Right next to the South Poles longest Ice Strait
My dream was identical seven nights in a row
I saw a sideways 8 wrapped around a microphone
Extraterrestrial Isotopic ratios
A broke Scientist in his Lab with no place to go
Fire and Ash fallout, that's what it's all about
We must construct a shelter then build a wall around it
Geography is conducive to Astronomy
And the study of celestial bodies, biopsy
My austere designs are so ahead of their time
Even when you press rewind you're still left behind
I blasted thru the limestone with water, mixed with a dissolver
Then I signaled the remaining cave crawlers
Dig a hole for the collateral carnage, battle the hardest
Take out Hip-Hop trash and garbage
On the Sabbath I write preplanning for the Planet
Drawin' mechanics, suspended in space as holographic
The Quarantine Isolation Unit is where I house it
My team and I salvage the work of Dr. Fritz Albert
Hip-Hop is blackened pot placed next to a kettle
With my logo in it, a rigid rehomogenized metal
Greetings and Salutations, my equations are inundated with information
Electro Cranial Stimulation
Password please? Have patience, verification
I repeat, "What's Your Character String Verification?"
Battle rap is just aimless entertainment
+2nd round K.O.+ was one of they favourites, fuck all the haters
Responsibility entrusted
There's only one way for me to prove that I love it
That's why I'm bustin'
I turned the page, wrote a turn of phrase,
Verbal X-Rays, they say "I don't burn I blaze"
Attach the piezoelectric transducer to your computer
Poet Laureate is the future!!!
Next time we meet this whole song will be a new mix
For all the Rippers out there who need a new fix
With these lyrics, I consecrate the spirit
Whenever I spit it, concentrate you could hear it
I've almost perfected this
I'm one word away from excellence
Cyclotronic Resonance, patents are pendin' it
Can-I-Bus a/k/a "The Spitzberg Beast"
Gave his Bicentennial Speech on Emerald Peak
What are you building Bis? Is it a flyin' Silver Disk?
GW I'm positive it's him
I proof read my writtens, eat a chicken with the skin missin' in 10 minutes
Now that's some shit! You think that's fast? Nah
That's faster than you think, by the time you blink, the whole Universe shrinks
We'll observe the Gods, my thoughts graduated to the Stars to infinity
Listen to the bars, thick rhymes compartmentalized
Seperatized to prevent bootleg pirates gives me energy when I'm tired
I'm hooked on Hip-Hop, I can't live without it
You can mix this song a thousand ways I don't doubt it

Several million years into the past
The primitive future in a world without oil and gas
Gather the evidence then give it to the President
Don't reprimand him, ask him for help next
I hold Hip-Hop responsible
Every magazine writer that wrote bullshit in his article
Always remember I'll be gone forever
I made these bars so you could all remember
The rhymes in my mind when I autograph sign
I can't wait to sign an autograph for the last time
The ungrateful dead reoccurring images playin' in my head
Every color in America bled
Canibus grabbed the mic like an energized amulet
Then spit a rap that you can't forget
"With this sacred water --
I consecrate this Talisman so that it will make me POET LAUREATE"
This is a no brainer, stop the complainin'
If Hip-Hop was dead I came here to save it
Classified payloads, no frequency safe modes, no safety
And I still made time for the ladies
No corruption, no disruption, no destruction, no budget, no nothin'
It's never that easy you just gotta trust it
The spin off from the Press should be able to feed you
But I declined, 'cause I'm familiar what greed can do
I sit down and think, when I write I can smell the ink
It's the dark skinned Lizard King
Metronome Man will never take commands from the drum
The beat is my slave and it will behave as I want
I heard Hip-Hop was dead, that's not fair
Who I talk to? "Go he there, Nasir"
YEA, POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
I WILL FOREVER BE THE ILLEST LYRICALLY!!!
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
THIS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE IN HISTORY!!!

Canibus Lyrics

"Liquid Wordz"

(feat. Killah Priest and Sun)

[Sample:]

It's very difficult to know if...
Northerners are puppets, or...
They are innocent, or...
They are the masterminds

[Canibus:]

These are "Liquid Wordz"

Yo, I come through on cold steel on back of the snowmobile
I just came back from shogun hill
Make you kneel, face the wall
Shoot you in the back of the head with some paint balls
'Til your brains are gon'
Attack dawg, attack man, only respond to German commands
Completely bite off the burglar's hands
Triangular death, that's where I purchased the land
Built the ranch, strude deep into the Earth through the sand
Send the clergy emissary to the cemetery
You requested to be buried, with your bones to carry
I'm blood sample savvy, I name your first clone Jerry
Your second clone Harry, and your third clone after me
The fourth clone could battle him after he battles me
But your the fifth clone can only be used to tattle me
This is called microphone savagery
"Press Play", I attack the beat, you'll tap out or tap to leap
But we do not have to beef, before the Greeks captured Crete
I was known as the master of the beat
Sidonian MC speak, rudimentary speech
I released the Canaanite beast and sent 'em to the East
To walk through the streets sharin' thoughts about God and my beliefs
"Heavy Mental" it was authored by the Priest
We were tortured by the palm trees in the Palm Sunday breeze
It was 0 0 1 A.D.

[Sun:]

Yo, it's been a long time comin', but I'm finally here
Solidify my spot and I ain't gon' nowhere (C'mon)
'Cause Ripper Mics been only 'vice
So I return like Christ, to resurrect the art of spittin' nice
The true and livin' it, physical form
Grab the mic and I - spit up a storm
Tracks get beasted, MC's get eaten
I blast paragraph from rough draft - the thesis
With strong facial features, lip and gap teeth's
I see through your feces like telekinesis

Build with Killah Priest in the chamber of Gizas
Special Ops Hip-Hop get chopped in pieces
Zero degree Celsius liquid will freeze
But at any temperature, settle melt MC's
That's why Canibus handed me the scrolls for infinity
What he actually gave me was the moment of clarity
It's complex simplicity, self-contradictory
Philosophical speak about the God and men mystery
'Cause we've been fooled by religion and history
'Cause the path to eternity, starts eternally
Accordin' to the Sun God, the time is at hand
For me to reveal the man, exactly who "I Am..."
I'm the apostles, we writin' The Bible and Ebonics
I'm Elijah Muhammad that'll sell chronic
Martin Luther with a German Lugar
I'm Malcolm X on your project steps bustin' a tec
Gandhi with a MPC, who MC madd nice
I'm Christ in his cipher shootin' dice

[Killah Priest:]

Inside my mind is bad weather
So when I brainstorm it'll rain strong
To Hurricane's swarm in a form of paragraph
Start from the corner of the pages in my pad
And nothin' could withstand the rhyme, when it rages in its path
But I don't brainwash my listeners
My lyrics give 'em a bath, without bars or soap
These are bars of quote, that'll take you so far you'll choke
What I have is like Lightening in a bottle
Deep as the writin' of Aristotle
Like Picasso but it's a novel
Spittin' in bars and flows, Priest the dark Dragon King
Spittin' graphic scenes, my .16 should be seen on plasma screen
My black wings are The Lord of the Rings
While my sword is bathin' and y'all scream
Swallowed your flesh to his metal intestine
If he's so much, on your rebels that became congested
And gnarls on modes, snarls at thrones, carve out domes
Somewhere in a giant stone King where the interest is big enough
To accommodate a Pterodactyl in flight
Priest sit and the Tabernacle will write
While Jackals fight over the poison Emperor's body
Priest and Canibus enjoy their memorable army's
Ha, ha, ha, ha...

[Canibus:]

A lyricist without with no master, a no financer
After the disaster I will die from laughter
Alright, let's move out people
I got a five ton diesel, 40 illegal
Hazmat retreat, too deep to say piece to
I pray about peace for you
Very soon the Goetia will eat you

The keys of Solomon will open the door to that bottomless prison
And let the Leviathan army in
"Liquid Wordz", split superb
From the foothills of Sykros to the streets of New Jerz
New Ark, I'm the rare admiral in New York
If I'm caught they'll award the post human purple heart
Navy cross neva say we lost, Dan Abram office and court
One o'tnot to think any thoughts, "Liquid Wordz"

[Sample:]
"I don't know what we mean about these words"

Canibus Lyrics

"Father Author, Poor Pauper"

[Intro:]

Yea, "Father Author, Poor Pauper", Yea
(More than a microphone monster)

[Canibus:]

Once a upon a midnight dreary
Being blackballed by the music industry prepared me
In the past albums were made, put on the shelf
I was never paid or given a wealth
Who can I blame but myself? No one
I followed my azimuth then transit on a path from apprentice to master
My testimony any place at the top is lonely
Ask me what I cherish mostly, no matter what I say is poetry
The way I walk, the way I talk, the way I fought
The way I won, the way I lost, the way I thought
When they tried to play me out as a man
The way it felt takin' showers in the sand with a fuel can
Wakin' up in the middle of the night
I can't breathe right, I can feel my heart beat spike
"Father Author, Poor Pauper" use to be a war monger
I promised the Lord I will not tour any longer
Pardon the The Poor Pauper with nothin' to offer from his coffin
Caughin' up a mouthful of a volcanic sulfur
Feast your eyes on the awesome mechanics of the metallic saucers
Flown by man, I bet you thought it was the Martians
Since "Channel Zero" I tried to do somethin' to save you
But you threw away the jewels I gave you
When you're ready to move to the mouth it'll be too late too
That's why I pray for you
My words appear clear but true meanin' is lost
Why would an emcee like that even talk?
Clear your mind, clear your thoughts
Throw away everything you bought
And kneel before the Ark
YOU DON'T!, you knew you should but you won't
Any artist will become lethargic from weed smoke
I don't go to malls 'cause I don't like shoppin'
I can't buy clothes when the Manikin's are watchin'
Overspecialization doesn't require special explanation
The information is my interpretation
I sit down at the table and make it
Through a series of musical, lyrical and compositional arrangements
I'm disinfatuated, you rappers are overrated
For the music you're makin', it sounds foolish and basic
Thread by thread the poem is woven, the book is open
You were ordered to show him, than the words are spoken
Civilization is fragile, so is life there in battle

So is nature when surrounded by the unnatural
Walk through the doors of Langley Headquarters
My logo is in the floor etched in marble
Behind the rose line, morals and dogma of rhymes to climb
One of three peaks of Mount Hermon there in my lifetime
The rhymes is 3 point 1 4 5 9 2 6 5 3 5 8 9
Same morning that the Can-I-Bus album came out
I got a text from The NSA that said "They'd take me out"
Kabbalah Math was all I had
My wife and child were both killed in a helicopter crash
Eight months passed, I'm in Walter Reed with a rare fungus rash
I told them "Fuck the cash" Just give me somethin' for the pain
My brain 'bout to bust vein
They said "You've been through enough Germaine"
I tried to sit up but can't get up
This sucks, "Father Author, Poor Pauper" can't give up
The Biomarker lit up; the labtec took the blood that I spit up
She tried to screen it, than clean it
Hydroxide radicals I couldn't believe it
I was the Anemic Heathen that was saved by the blood of Jesus
My only grievance is I never be the same again
Never beat me with a rhyme again like it was '98 again
I'm so ashamed I'm depressed; I don't know what I could say to them
So I made this mixtape for them
I hope you enjoy it even if you never bought it
This is "Father Author, Poor Pauper" last recording

Canibus Lyrics

"Dreamzzzz"

[Chorus: x4]

"Dreamzzzz" of fuckin' a female news anchor

I'm just playin', but I'm sayin'

[Canibus:]

Yea, this isn't excellence in journalism

I prefer to call it conservative words of wisdom

Mixed with perverted visions

I can't help it, I was bitten by Celtic Woman

Who spoke elvish, who told me I was selfish

Nah honey be friendly you're my Ms. Money Penny

I love you because when they hate me; you defend me

"Dreamzzzz" of fuckin' a female news anchor

Welcome to my world of fantasies and fandom

0330 central news network

I filled out visitors of paper work 'til my head hurt

G words bees and birds can't help but to be perverse

About anything over 30 in a skirts

I get up stairs to search who's doin' their leg work

I seen her walk in to the coffee room, I go there first

She was beautiful and burgundy, same Zane Verjee

I said "Allah have mercy", she heard me and turned to me

She showed me her breast, I was impressed

She suggested I lock the door so we could both get undressed

Quick start, quick finish, I gently kissed her

The phone rang; it was Wolf Blitzer sayin' "He missed her"

I was not surprised, I ain't want the bitch to lose her job

OH MY GOD! Is that Sumi Das?

Still hard from Zane givin' me brain, but I can't complain

I'll take wrinkles over stains anyday, anyway where did the Sumi go?

She reminds me of this ho I used to bang on a Pakistani Sushi boat

Her trail went cold, I stole me an access card

Picked up the trail in the parking garage

I pretended I was an intern

I said "Ma'am you left this upstairs, a huge diamond earrings"

She just stares, standin' there in a dress with a delicate smell of vinaigrette

She placed the palm firmly on my chest

"Are you St. Germaine?" she said, I said "Yes"

And I seek to have sex with the Dragon Princess

She circled her hips slow, dancin' to Calypso

She brought her lips close, my dick grows, she sniff Coke

I couldn't believe the nerve of this

Circus Witch with burger itch

You tried to curse me with a kiss

Nosferatu practitioner, I don't even think about kissin' her

She will remain my prisoner

[Chorus: x4]

[Canibus:]

Yea, check the defense mechanism of this next woman
She's the real Lara Croft, I couldn't wait to have sex with her
Arwa Damon so calm under pressure
But our hormones start raging as soon as I undress her
Started to speak in discrete descriptive speech
I tasted her nipples and told her "Her tits taste like a peach"
She had congressional oversight, over the mic
A young Black man obsessed with her egg shell white
Her body was tight, "Ok" I said but not tonight
Your life is your job; my job is my life
Filled with gold spindles, a positive polarity singles
But when I talk to strippers I'm simple
Like screwin' Julie with the booty dimples
She act moody 'cause she's mental
Try to imagine what she's been through
Julie Banderas got what I call a rare ass
That's the type of ass that could tear pants
I let her dance on my fair delance, Caliente Sangre
And life goes on like John Mellencamp

[Chorus: x4]

[Canibus:]

Yea, yo, I don't wake up 'til 12:00
Soledad O'Brian don't wake up 'til she feels cock
I love these women so much, I can't stop
Sir Lancelot givin' Guinevere a shamrock
Accompanied by a rose, she smelled it with her nose and froze
It was the perfect time to take off her clothes
The tale of the Princess and the P and MC
Mr. C really? a magnificent read
In a dream I had about my favourite anchor of them all
In my dream I wrote a name across The White House wall
Suzanne Malveaux - oh I have love you so
So much so I let the whole world know
Her pastry is so tasty; I don't care if her husband hates me
I'm still in my dream, DO NOT WAKE ME!
In the dream she and I share pound cake and tea
In between her shifts on the silver screen
She lays her head on my arm during The White House conference, so DAMN!
Imagine that when you listen to my song

[Chorus: x4]

Canibus Lyrics

"Magnum Innominandum"

[Chorus:]

Suivre Moi, come vibe with ya boy
With lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed (Follow me)
Suivre moi, the leadership was annoyed
At lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed (The MC)
Suivre moi, the leadership is annoyed
At lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed
Suivre moi, come vibe with ya boy
With lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed

[Canibus:]

I was taught my heart was my brain in my past life
I was thrashed in a fight over my passion for the mic
Risked the ultimate sacrifice to rhyme, askin' Christ why?
He replied; "Passions like mine have a price"
They will grab you if you grab the mic
Try to squeeze the life from you, take away your life
There's only one way to fight
Zero gravity device, turn it on
Impale them on stalactites and stalagmites, alright?
I was hyped; he told me that every word I recite
Symbolically represents the whole world's kryptonite
Includin; but not limited to spittin' in the booth
Spit the truth; tell the leadership to listen to the troops
The leadership bleeds blue, we bleed red
In the end the only thing we can agree on is death
I beg you to get it together
To truly be clever you gotta be able to think ahead and remember
'Cause most of us have forgotten where we came from
Turned a blind eye to the energy that made us
I ain't the same Canibus I was
But I still get busy 'cause that's what Canibus does
The rhymes are relevant day after my development
Food for thought, beverages should be free but they keep sellin' it
The mixtape comes out today, announce the date
The potato gets off his couch to wait
'Cause he knows something wicked his way comes
They can hear the sound of the war drum,
Canibus save them!
I can't save you, but you can save yourself
We can save each other, I just came to help
The event you cant prevent no matter how much you spend
Your catalogue remains thin no matter how much you pen
I stand with my men, lookin' at the flag draped coffins again
Cryin', justifyin' what I did
There's no excuse cause nobody will ever know the truth
I will never get over the abuse - fuck you!..

[Pause]

I gotta keep Hip-Hop open, if they close it I'm homeless
If I lose it I'm broken, if I disown it I'm hopeless
I am a hopeless romantic Trans-Atlantic pimp
In the pacific stickin' dick to Los Angeles bitches
Bitch please!, be my guest
Shot her in the head while she slept
What would she dream about next?
I'm a maniac nigga, so fuck rap nigga
Bigorexia anxiety attack nigga
If you're loyal I'll murder for you
You disloyal I'll destroy you
Rhodesian Ridgeback will and turn on you
Keep Hip-Hop alive if you don't we die
We includes me, you, K-Solo and Nas
Keep Hip-Hop open 'cause if they close it I'm homeless
If I lose it I'm broken, if I disown it I'm hopeless
Focus!

[Chorus:]

Suivre moi, the leadership was annoyed
At lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed
Suivre Moi, come vibe with ya boy
With lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed

Canibus Lyrics

"Layered Prayers"

[Canibus:]

Yea, ayo Mother Earth absorbs the blood I bleed

Hip-Hop is my blood - I believe

That I am not free, and neither are you

The only time I feel free is when I'm rhyming in the booth

The Lion on the loose is not a reckless recluse

But really a dictator with his neck in a noose

For war crimes; Hardcore rhymes from a warped mind

That enjoyed the dark matter in the void before time

The innocent murmured, murmured because they worshipped him

They let the serpent in but it never occurred to them

They deity regards emcees like me

Piously, check the degree, see if it's me

On planet Earth I design mankind's rebirth

A marvel of water and rock salt from a verse

The Moon, the Sun and the Stars

I am who you are, together, we all form God

I laugh at the creation of it, the explanation of it

Not the original but man's imitation of it

They took Hip-Hop and changed the subject

Then I brought Hip-Hop back and made you love it

Through deterrence, detention and prevention

Never write the wrong sentence

If I ever said it I meant it

The insatiable, inescapable regiment

What's the weight? Add four more plates, I bench it

Skinny-ass nigga, grab your neck with a pen-grip

Bend it through telepathic suggestion

I rap so serious, the vocal myriad

Occurred intermittently over protracted periods

Rap 'til you get delirious, wack niggaz get furious

Keep dissin' me, your girl's gettin' curious

Darth Vader on the cross-fader releasin' the raw data

This is called hard jaw-breaker labour

When I see you I'ma battle you, then tackle you

Then grapple you, then probably snap you in two

Yo, ain't that the truth?, outside the booth

Air combat maneuvers without no computer

Space wings that cause pings MOTHAFUCKA!!!

We gon' dogfight above cloud cover

High in the friendly skies, where unfriendlies

Where frendlies and unfrendlies die

You and I race to the Sun, I just got back

The race is done, ages have ended and ages have begun

Cognisance saturation, I am the one

Tell me where chain-gun Germaine came from?

Dara-I-Suf, the river of caves

My ribcage look like miniature shim blades
When I bathe in the waters below
Still waters run deep, King Cthulhu told me so
Magna-dome under Yellowstone inside the bowels of the Earth
I'ma show you the power of the verse
'Cause man cannot establish dominance over man
Indefinitely; man only respects God's energy
Telluric energy, drawn from the bowels of the Earth
I'ma show you the power of the verse
Telluric energy, drawn from the bowels of the Earth
I'ma show you the power of the verse

Canibus Lyrics

"The Fusion Centre"

(feat. Vinnie Paz)

I isolate a regime that works twice the pace of your team
These Jedi mind tricks are no dream

Kill code receive you do not need to know what you need
You will be uplinked to the feed

The entrance to the cave is guarded by a statue of Saint Jermaine
Holding an oil lamp with a purple flame

Shuffling down a dark corridor chasing the voice of the orator
The light brightens more and more

Your muscles tight and sore you fall to waist height then crawl
As you are forced to recite bars from Ars Notoria

What is the origin metaphoric euphoria lobotomize the audience rap music
Recruited those who refuse it will be uprooted then electrocuted

Then executed flesh is fluid physically it's a stretch to do it
You wake up cold wet and wounded playing my music

The strong believe in me the weak try to weaken me
They are not allowed to speak to me that easily

The fans get neglected can't get they favorite record
They only get to hear what's selected not requested

They are wasting your time just think about that
The reason you won't think is the reason I won't rap

Wisely worded speech frame and technique and thermal heat
Bridges the verbal to the beat providing earth for your feet

I rip granite the universe shaped like this planet
Nobody understand it when my spit is mismanaged

Virtuoso Vivaldi Aliester Crowley with a baldy flow
Flawlessly cathedral halls applaud me

Red 3 delta they call me in the red army armory talking softly walking
Calmly the officer saw me cursing at the bastard commy pass the salami

Rhyming offbeat they poured me caffeine not coffee

You'll never hear nothing as evil
As this I carry desert eagles into the cathedral and lick

My people are sick your people unbelievably bitch
In Mogadishu counting money inconceivably rich

A feverish pitch I'll hit you so you bleed where you piss
I feel sorry for any rapper think he equal to 'Bis

I see thru the mist I see you faggots weak in the wrist
I ain't rapping no more Pazienza speak with the fists

I see the abyss but I ain't going there no more
I'm too old so I ain't licking in the air no more

Ayo 'bis who these motherfuckers that's thinking it's war
In '88 the only white boy spitting it raw

I kicked in the door I spoke on metaphysics in awe
But they was too stupid to understand the vision involved

I wish that we all had platinum that could christen the wall
But I'm a ride for you regardless if its business involved

Canibus Lyrics

"702-386-5397"

[Intro]

Yea, yea Can-I-Bus, Mic Club
(Nothin' to prove it's all love)

[Canibus:]

I bust through like Sputnik 2
This is man's best friend, whoopty-woo
The flag is black, red, and blue
True shoot from the hoopty
Dogs jump out of dooly
But it'll take more than that to move me
Like; wireless mics for tireless nights
Firefights inspire my life, why do I write?
Twenty-year Hip-Hop vet, they perceive me as a threat
They manifest beads of sweat
Examine the blood trail
Squeeze trigger puss drips out of the thumbnails
I smell like gun shells
Polonium, pandemonium with a dose of unknownium
The Soviet Hugo Rodier
Fourth generation roper report
Everything I was taught bore resemblance to my thoughts
The truth and design of the Guggenheim rhyme
Where every line is weaponized then applied
Mob shit, talk it acquisition is sick
I don't miss when I twist the 556
Stand there with arms folded
Firearms make me look large and bloated
("I'ma gonna have to project my voice")
Equipment check, church bells time
("Some of this stuff might get intense")
One more time - Just kill 'em 'Bus
Ain't nobody around to witness nothin'
Heavens devil strangle Hell's Angel with a mic cable
Then J Wells came through

[Sample from Nas @ the L.A. Listening Party on December 14th, 2006:]

"Yo, the niggaz that use to have a nigga a little nervous was like;
B.I.G., 'Pac, (Right), even Canibus, like Eminem them niggaz use to have me like
If we go at it dawg we gotta go HARD!"

"Yo, the niggaz that use to have a nigga a little nervous was like;
B.I.G., 'Pac, (Right), even Canibus, like Eminem them niggaz use to have me like
If we go at it dawg we gotta go HARD!"

[Canibus:]

Yea, yo

I support a secure change of custody
Don't trust the beat, trust me Canibus the emcee
Without movin' my neck I turn to the left
Yes I am the best you'll learn to respect
'Til your death, Hip-Hop is the body, you are the chest
I am the vest, we are sworn to protect
This behavioural bomb rewritable radio songs
"What station is your radio on?"
My trainin' is worth millions
Imam death squad rush the building
From the frontline with Prince William
I am Prince William's exercise cover and concealment
Prohibit the media from filming
Never in the moment, always thinkin' of the Omen
I pause soldiers, nobody told them
Inoculate; I postulate not your weight
Drop to your face, the active component will not break
My Omanium friend tried to pay me in Yen
I threw the money in his face and said "Pay me again"
You wanna talk to the kid? Enter this ten digit grid
I'll explain to you what I did
"702-386-5397", call, leave a message
Y'all niggaz can't rap, so why you wanna go and do that?
You move the crowd, I move the map
The defying mad Lion, triumph over the rulers of Zion
Fuck your "Blood Diamonds", I'd rather laugh dyin'
Miners in the mine shaft cryin'
"Apocalypso" from GITMO, I'll clash with the last Mayans
The Sun stone science, the black, red and blue alliance
Jump through the fire, you'd be a fool to try it
The fire suit don't fit, NO SHIT!
My Saratoga suit got a customized grip
With a batwing released for both wrist and both feet
Blazing high, but I don't feel no heat
Hip-Hop's master chief, "Here, have a seat"
In the mic booth where I hang slab the meat
Before, during, or after debrief
I'll crack your teeth, don't talk unless if asked to speak
The Rift Valley Fever symptoms could last for weeks
We call a hell in a cell, watch the bastard tweak
Reach 80° degrees North, 14° degrees East
Beneath the ice sheet lies the Spitzberg Beast
Transmission distorted, injuries reported
Mission aborted, follow your orders, move forward
BRAVO! I fell in love with you Suzanne Malveaux
On the down-low, know you know
She talked to the Canibus man
Code name: "Javelin Fangz"
With "Nothing to Prove" to the rap fans
Could've elaborate further but suffice to say
"God damn that emcee made my day"
He's a butcher, a baker, a vapour box maker from Jamaica
Still talkin' trash to the haters

I'll clash with the graders, this is major manual labour
Beta test the data with blue lasers
Canibus wavin' Alice, it's "Nothing to Lose" in Los Angeles
Suing Hip-Hop for the damages
G-4's, 10.4's, still conscious but not for long
Missile lock-on; stop the song

Canibus Lyrics

"The Goetia"

(Ergonomical)

[Sample:]

"And this variation of analogy of working that comes from
On this idea that they were created on the Earth
These giants were created by the natural themselves
They can manifest.."

[Chorus:]

Nothin' to prove, nothin' to lose
Can-I-Bus - bussin' in the booth
Straight out (The Goetia) to eat ya
This is the fire breather
Nothin' to prove, nothin' to lose
Can-I-Bus and Mic Club - bussin' in the booth

[Canibus:]

Microphone check one-two, you know what it is
Can-I-Bus, still gettin' biz
Rip mics, gas molecules emit light
I bring delta T.C. squared to the fistfight
First, I developed the fence
Then negotiate disarmament from the other side of the fence
Hence, the tetrahedron is a prison for a four-headed demon
I weaken, every time I see him
Fight for my freedom, under the fig tree bleedin'
I create Hip-Hop but don't need it
I turn my back on rap like God turned his back on Eden
To return like Cat Stevens
For those who believe it, I live it, I breathe it
I smash mics to pieces, that's the secret
I cannot fail, I rock bells
On the Ho Chi Minh trail to the song of the nightingale
Any artist can turn a garden to a desert
But can he turn a desert to a garden?
That's where I come in, runnin', straight gunnin'
Ready to punish, nigga I don't budge one inch
Fuck it, double the budget
Niggaz turned Hip-Hop to somethin' it wasn't
Made it hard to love it
So I come back to conquer with a monster mantra
My spiritual father is Swami Vivekananda
Rhymes promote freedom, stabilize the region
Think for yourselves, it's just like breathin'
The departed Hip-Hop artist regardin' the condition of the carnage
Dead farmers I already saw it
Back to the army, back to pituitary

Back to the heartbeat, off-beat on a dark street
Comfy, aggressive assistive trainin'
Hajji somewhere waitin', one minute remainin'
Satellites counter locatin', the bloodbath begins bathin'
We both believe we're fightin' Satan
'Cause we both got the same God, who accepts the same sacrifice
Blood, tears, life, fine picks and trowels are real
I was holdin' a weapon when I was overpowered, there was no album
Thirty-minute sessions cleanin' weapons askin' myself questions
About what happened last mission, Radiation isolation
I'ma asshole but I'm patient for a nurse with nice shaped tits
I'm a poet, my house is a palace
A small cavernous passage, darker than the Catacombs of Paris
Chateau de Canibus, Saint Germaine sadomasochist
I don't use chains to trap a bitch
Don't get distracted, repeat your rap's schematic
Over and over until it's automatic
My body is a machine, machines need fuel
Two gastro-nasal tubes, feed me smoothie food
The recluse clearly produced the abstract schematic
You can use over a glass of fresh-squeezed pear juice
Right side paralyzed above the waist
Below the waist the left side paralyzed, this a unique case
It's a challenge to rhyme great, lost weight
Lost sense of smell and taste, wastin' away payin' attention to space
Sayin' "wait!" open the gate, rusty screwers reverberate
Through the deserted desolate space of this purgative place
Grimoires and metaphor law, make your skin crawl
Nothin' to prove, this is lyrical law

Canibus Lyrics

"Secrets Amongst Cosmonauts"

[Spanish speaking soldiers]

"They have different videos that's caused by these Cosmonauts"

[Sample]

"And so, if you take all these together
Dimension of the Earth in nautical miles
21,600 and you divided by 33; you'll get..."

[Intro]

(Secrets Amongst Cosmonauts)
These are the Secrets of the Cosmonauts
I know I rhyme a lot
This is the most important rhyme I ever said in my life
Stop the hatred, and stop being racist
I believe the Cosmonauts will come down and save us

[Chorus]

(We share the song) This is a song, written by God
(Especially for you) Especially for you, this is the truth
(There's a story) A story of humankind's glory
(Of what people do for you) I'm tellin' you the Cosmonauts love you

[Canibus]

Twenty-one thousand six-hundred nautical miles
I've got the same amount, if not more audible styles
By no means am I to interpret the absolute
I'm merely a vessel that the entity chooses to use
I'm raw energy, just like you
I don't teach 'cause Teachers only receive contempt from the youth
I know what I know, there's no need to convince you
The poetry's fairly simple, you perceive the visual
The grass isn't greener, it's browner
I believe in the power that spins the Earth around upward and outward
You say, "You don't like the album", I say you a coward
You say you don't like the beats, I say what about them?
Whether or not you like the lyrics I would not be surprised
If you the devil in disguise I can see it in your eyes
We are all equal; we are all sisters and brothers
In spite of our colour, all we have is each other, they love us

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Your sexual orientation is none of my business
But don't lie to yourself, and don't lie to the children
Some of us are healthy, some of us have diseases

But if you look at the whole world we represent the human species
You can't ignore continents while they starve
You'll be wearin' their shoes before long
As the Globe becomes more warm
Families hold on but their country is war-torn
The prophecies are forewarned
You would've thought Katrina storm taught y'all
But nah, you're still too distracted ain't y'all?
I've come to learn that the Cosmonauts up high
Don't believe that we deserve another chance and I'll tell you why
We watch either other die, and we're still racist
Not in my household, but in other places
The patience of the Gods have run thin
Because of your sin, the period of purification will begin

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
The procession will wash away
The world's sins with Tsunami's and Whirlwinds
Our world ends, but then it begins again
Six-thousand four-hundred eighty years later
The next civilization will dig our artifacts out of a crater
They will say that we were great but that they are greater
Humankind will continue to search for his creator
Wage war against the forces that try to enslave us
Send space probes to our celestial neighbours
We could stop the hatred; if we stop being racist
I believe the Cosmonauts will come down and save us
If humankind will accept all races
There's no reason that the Cosmonauts wouldn't save us
Love your neighbours; we're different, but God made us
Love all races, the Cosmonauts would love to save us
Basic Instructions Before Leaving Earth (B.I.B.L.E.)
Wake up, stop the hatred, the Cosmonauts wanna save us

[Chorus]

"Advance knowledge that people in general will never hear
Is passed on to the chosen ones that are chosen to have this..

Canibus Lyrics

"One Ought Not To Think"

[Canibus:]

This one is relatively short; I won't say much about it
What's the point if you're still gon' doubt
History is a weapon being used against us
Humanity has been abused before but few remember
Human hybrid, Hubble iris, double-sided untouchable
When it comes to rhyming, but I struggle in private
"One Ought Not To Think", in other words stop thinking
Humankind is now on the brink of extinction
The Eagle has landed, one of von Braun
Handpicked the evil bastard called "Magnum Innomindum"
These ice-age quotes opposed Helios
Confusing the most yet I find it remedial
Turn the radio and TV off, think for a second
Technology is a blessing but it's also a weapon
A weapon of mass destruction givin' global instructions
Teaching us how to hate but does it in a way that we love it
Take my beloved rap music, erase the beat
Consumers act like they're afraid of intelligent speech
The rhymes are imagined in theory
Then itemized into a query
It takes more than your ears to hear me
Meditate; you will see it clearly
Elevate to a level where your judgment isn't impaired daily
Before the New World Order right around the corner
One day soon they gon' lock down the borders
I ain't a activist, I can't do shit
I'd rather be a pacifist with a full clip
Keep sayin' your prayers, they won't care
God won't hear, do something, you won't dare
It's happened before, it'll happen again
It's happening over there; it'll spread here my friend
"One Ought Not To Think", in other words stop thinking
Mankind is now on the brink of extinction
Lost wisdom from the lost kingdom
Humankind is now on the brink of extinction

Canibus Lyrics

"Javelin Fangz"

[Sample:]

"For this reason to have this Key
They some how transmit into your brain a hard idea
Like, you are living wrong
You've broken our laws on this planet
This is the reason why
Very soon when the sky became dark
Thousands and thousands of people will die
And only a few them will stay alive"

[Intro:]

Code-Name: Javelin Fangz - The Canibus Man
Nothin' to Prove, cold bustin' at you dudes
Yea, yo

[Chorus:]

You got your Weapon?: Check
You got your Ammo?: Check
You got the filthy slut pin-up calendar?: Yes
You got the food?: Check
You got the supplies?: Check
You got the Trees so we can get high? - I Quit

Your names Canibus - So what da Fuck that means
Can-I-Bus is the emcee not weed

Hand Radio?: Check

Map?: Check

You got the chem lights so we can get back?: Check

First Aid Kit?: Check

Grenades?: Check

I even got a spit box for those lonely days

[Canibus:]

I was on my way home, the ground opened up like a grave
Turned the highway into a tomb
It's crazy I grew up playin' with Tonka's
Mickey Thompson mud Swampers on a off-road monster
I took a detour started headin' east
Got stuck through a wench around a red wood tree
A 1000 feet above sea level
Still drivin' altitude climbin' the Tsunami's 1 hour behind me
Made my way to the Mojave, I robbed niggaz for they gasoline
Then headin' towards the Colorado Rockies
Desperado, El Diablo on your back yard property
Can't let the circumstance stop me
G.I. Joe, O.G., Desert E's, Desert fatigues

Dry weather gear for the desert breeze
140° degrees, I can barely breathe
Toast bread and fry eggs on the roof of my Jeep
Take my boots off I won't even look at my feet
They smell like I've been cookin' my feet
Look at me, I'ma mess I did it for my family & friends
When the time comes I do it again
Because this ain't the end, this is the beginnin'
A new way of life nigga how you gon' live it
Man Women and Child, livin' in a village
No more technology privilege
When disaster strikes put down the mic
You better pick up that weapon and pass it to the right
Laugh if you like but the time is near
There's no time to spare, formation over here

[Chorus]

[Canibus:]
I observe purgatory from the solar observatory
The Sun stone was right, God have mercy on me
You ask what, I ask what next
Geo-magnetic effects came down to the deck
Radio, T.V. Satellite gone, nobody can make or take one call
LIGHTS OUT! All communications wiped-out
To late to call upon Jesus Christ now
Collect your weapon and ammo
You don't have weapons to protect your family? You're asshole
Guns are worth more then anythin' in a time like this
The price just went up the pricelist
You a Predator or Prey in the twilight mist?
You wanna pray; get on your knees die like a bitch
Your family got dragged off
Put to work as slaves in a hell pit because you were selfish
You bought cars, gold, diamonds
Should've bought somethin' that could equalize the violence
Face it your heart's full of hatred
'Cause you got stripped naked in front of your babies
Do somethin' to change it
Take it, take a day-off, take a trip to the shop
Get a laser sight scope, adjustable butt stock
Automatic burst, fuck a one shot if a nigga want static
I'ma give 'em what I got

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"There Has He Been"

(feat. K-Solo)

[Intro:]

Yea, Mic Club and Waste Management

"Javelin Fangz"

WolfGang, sharp fangz

Yea

[Canibus:]

The vocalist with osmosis spit

Canibus on some robust robot shit

You're not fit, drop, give me fifty bars of spit

950 more bars just to talk to the kid

They just rappers I'm a cloud of galactic matter comin' at ya

Like radar or race car spelt backwards

The mirror image of the emperor's lyrics

Concubines are forbidden to compare it until I finish

The magnetic patient will record the same thing

While erasin' the lost dynasty of Beijing

Spittin' rhymes 'cause significant mission lapse time

You'll be fine, don't rewind; move onto the next line

Three bogies ten O'clock high, I die if I do not try

Ostriches are not supposed to fly

Fighter pilots with not eyelids

Did you see what I just did?

Hydraulic pressure gettin' as high as a bitch

Textbook vertical spin, landed on the wing, I'm in

The evil bald Eagle strike you again

Yuri Gagarin, I met him when we he came to Heaven

My first guest from terra firma Passage Magellan

I didn't hesitate to tell him, 2012 you police yourselves

As Earth travels through the gravity belt

And I can offer you no help

The Period of Purification can be described to somethin' you call Hell

Yeah, S-P-E-L-L, R-A-P-E-L down to W-E-L-L

WolfGang

[K-Solo:]

Start at your head, I end it quick and end your ass

Send your career on a collision course; then you'll crash

I'ma laugh mothafucker, its gon' only get worse

You'll hit a tree and you go flyin' through your window headfirst

Foes come in the white mink, leave in the red fur

Get your fuckin' ass kicked, leave with your head hurt

Beef with me equals dead thugs

Even when I'm fuckin' sleep, stomp out you bedbugs

The Hitman buck quick

One thing I can't stand in this rap game is a bitch ass who suck dick

Rap too good for the hood, who's the don
And they said I'd never make it with a help from you know who
But I proved them wrong
Even without money in my pocket I still move along
And I'm happy Canibus got me to do this song
I was never assed out; my label's the only label
And the mothafuckin' world is able to take the trash out
Call me sweet, Big Kevin I fuck a bitch 'til she pass out
I got hands too when I cum, a lot of niggaz don't wanna back out
Dirty niggaz, they gon' pull a mac out
'Cause I rap grapple and box, make competition tap out
I put it down; I cut them down, cut them down
You know I'm known to shut them down
Dudes is jokin', I laugh, take cash 'cause they clowns
If they got beef with that I get Canibus to spray the rounds
Take them down; I'm the Godfather, Long Island music here to take the crown
Breeze through, enemies quiet, they don't make a sound
Get a bucket of red blood, paint the town
I'm a beast, when I walk I shake the ground
Who hatin' now? Who hatin' now? Who hatin' now?

Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate Infinity V004"

[Sample:]

"And this is where the, uh complexity comes in
Maybe we in modern uh civilization haven't really connected with this
understanding"

[Canibus:]

This is never been done before with a rhyme outside the realm of time
It's the first of its kind
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
I WILL FOREVER BE THEILLEST LYRICALLY!!!

I procured a small piece of the treasure
Collections from a former era datin' back to forever
The warrior became protector; take a closer look at the bars
You'll see I'm not behind them or in front of them, I'm one of them
Started with a hundred, The Game spit three I said "Fuck It!"
I'm a have to show these niggaz somethin'
33 is the number that enlightens the Brother
Insight to the fullest that could brighten the dullest
The ramifications are awesome, what should we call it? Mortars
I drive forward Sandstorms make my eyes water
Skull is a submarine hull
Dolphin phones screen calls from places as far away as A.G.C.R.
The rhymes are raw, protected by the Jericho wall
With surface permutation of the permafrost
We thought close support from the Navy Carriers and Air Force
Would give us all what we needed, we were wrong
This is "The Greatest Rhyme of All Time" supposedly
1000 Bars it will probably always be
The results from SETI, very interestin'
I briefed the committee they told me to stop the testin'
You cannot contend with this when I let it rip
Eyes, ears, nose and throat specialist Professor Bis
The sublime Chakra one thru nine
Thru the spine induce the rhyme
Internal fire produces the high
I listened to 44 4's 22 times
+I Gave You Power+ God stop my heart if I'm lyin'
SHUT THE FUCK UP and stop whinnin'
Instinct controls how you think before decidin', so keep vibin'
The Art of Rhyming; I've mastered it certainly
Surely I'll celebrate capturin' it for my Taxidermy
From the streets of New Jersey to Germany
To jungles in Angola where most the meat poachers heard of me
I guess it wasn't meant to be
Under an assumed Identity I resumed PsyOps on the enemy
USA made, field grade steel face

Movin' at a Canibus pace in the proto subspace
Nobody could hold me back, my flow bloats into a spiritual shape
And co-create rap, cold callous chronic chemical imbalance
Smokin' a chalice in the Rabbit hole with Alice
Systematic Global Geographic Systemic Neo-synopsis
Reload the graphics notice I spit it rapid
Victory over injury a victim to misery
The myriad of my metaphors make me a mystical mystery
They can't battle me; so they'd rather embarrass me
By being mad at me, they commit microphone heresy
Clairvoyant Technique, usin' X-Ray refraction
Not only can you see into the future, see past it
But I don't know what it means
I pass the DataStream along to my team
They say it's more than a dream
Kill you with weed vapour, then the Taser, then the Laser, then the Maser
Then somethin' they call Scalar
"That is not dead which can eternally lie
And with strange aeons even death may die"
Why? Coup de Gra for the Coup de Ta
In a man made lodge, the Moon Rays replace God
What ought to crawl has learned to walk
I have mastered The Art of Rhyming now I am so bored
I seen a mushroom to the north, from a porch
It was odd, every dog in the neighborhood barked
'Cause Emotion manifests Thought, Thought manifests Words Actions and
Reality
But what is attracting me?
If you question me, you will be detained indefinitely
Your name will be added to the Black List Registry
Observe the man with the microphone strand
Or 5th or 6th, 'cause way more advanced
I look up in the sky to see if God is judging me
Suddenly I feel Fatima and Medjugorje come to me
Sittin' down at the mixin' board comfortably
They begin to study me, by showin' me worlds I would love to see
A stationary pulley drawin' from a wishin' well
The Genie gave me three more because I listen well
There's a Proverb that goes "One should know thyself"
Before one can know the world so I showed myself
Metaphoric Sun Worship, pullin' me like planet inertias
But on the other hand these rappers are worthless
Rap Music Profession, Immuno suppressants
One question per second, one answer per session
You lazy and you wanna be the best? You crazy!
Poet Laureate is reserved for the name G
My lyricism amplifies every letter written
+Rip the Jacker+ spittin' inside a Zero Vector System
Murder murder murder, kill kill kill drills
Williams was real ill, but now I chill
Fuck a record deal; my trainin' is real
Look at the sword I wield, you will taste my steel
Lyrical Fitness is no secret of course

But the secret to creativity, hidin' your sources
Preserve the sanctity of the Soldiers in IRAQ
Do not blame them, I hold their humanity hostage
I gotta spit 'till the story is told
It's a gift; this story is a part of my soul
We shouldn't keep fightin', the Earth is our home
If we destroy Mother Earth, then where will we go?
Are you food for the Moon? Or are you in the mood for doom?

Furniture moves when I walk into a room
Fuckin' bummer, no armour inside the Hummer
Gotta hug a motherfuckin' Sandbag for cover
I ride on a flatbed chariot, four ostriches carry it
I'm Big Billy Bob Black Angus

From the gutter to the gallows no media coverage
'Cause I don't want it, that's why I'm rarely seen in public
If I were you I wouldn't waste time readin' rubbish
It might turn you into a media puppet, NIGGA LOVER!!!

All cultures come from One Mind
The Universe is not far behind, Waves Bars and Rhymes
Metaphor and Rhyme is poetry by design
But poetry continues outside the timeline
Don't care if I make history, I wanna be a part of INFINITY

You lied to us all in your speech
Symbiotic indeed, the host bleeds
Parasites attach to feed fulfilling antiquated needs
Over The Horizon Radar Rhymes
Patent number 4686605

I've apologized but I can't change who I am
Tried to change the future, can't budge the past
Beautiful longitudinal, musical lyrics
Fragments of Olympian Gossip, that is my vision
If A is a success in life
Then A must equal X plus Y plus Z no doubt
If work equals X and play equals Y
Then Z must be equal to you shuttin' your mouth
Agonizing, the pain of the migraine bitin' my brain
And everything inside it, I can't explain but I am tryin'
From the Kinetic to the Energetic
To the magnetic, ultra, electro, and uncensored resonance
I need to be alone, you cannot comfort me like my poems
THINK SO? You're a talk-show ho

The grown up who showed up drunk with his own cup stoned as fuck
Who can tell me that this poem is luck?
Does it amaze me? "NO!" Does it faze me? Maybe a little yo
Gotta find a way to generate doe
The minerals where they grow determine the stability of the flow
I might get drunk and boast
Williams you gotta go first
"If you say so, HALO", High Altitude always stay low
I approached the podium, and delivered my encomium
Nobody applauded the atmosphere was ominous
They feared I would spit, they don't like when I bust
I need more pain so I can pretend to be tough

1000 Bar race at an unrelentin' pace
Just in case Humans ever get to World War VIII
Food supply low, they speak of goin' above ground to find mo'
I cry out "NO - DO NOT GO!!!"
The window is closin', from the other side it looks like it's openin',
Where am I tryna to go with this?
Only the chosen, find a way out
Everybody move out! Make sure to stay off the main route
Arctic Geography is conducive to Astronomy
And the study of celestial bodies, follow me
A good Psychological environment for science
I'm memorizing and visualizing peace and quiet
Comparative image sharpness between artists
I don't think you know what you're about to get involved in
This is my unacknowledged special access project
Time reversed waves in nonlinear optics
Tunnel borin' and jackin', water main tappin'
I sat there draftin' a new drainage plan laughin'
Scientifically Quantifiable megalomaniacal
Viable style, it's like tryna to ride a Bull
The lyrical inimical is miserable because I've built a citadel
Of syllables that made me invincible
Creatively I have never been to this level
First I'll put you in a sideways 8, then a pretzel
Burn skin off face, burn face off skeletal plate
Plasma Ray Gun is just one explanation
Man Made Membrane roofin' remediation
Any and All entry points have immigration
She asked me if I was followed, I told her I wasn't
I didn't know the spy that sold me out would be my own cousin
"Populace uniformed is a populace of slaves"
Washington didn't say it quite that way
Musically still producin', I got a couple new things cocoonin'
But Poet Laureate is my New Shit!
Pulsating Lights and Sounds surrounds spirits
Bio Oral Beats, layered underneath lyrics
250 thousand cycles per second, for Dolphin hearin'
The Electrical Optical Coupling Gear is effective
I've almost perfected this
I'm one word away from excellence
When I find it I'll begin testin' it
My pupil size increase, constriction and velocity decrease
You can't Emcee take a seat
Wilder than the wilderness, I'm 'bout to show you who wildebeest Williams is
You better be filming this
I proof read my writtens, eat a chicken with the skin missin'
Spend the whole night out binge drinkin'
I rip shit consistent, spit persistent
The sickness, spit with conviction, promote lyrical fitness
I'm lost, which version is this? Mozart
With a flowchart puttin' together parts of an unknown art
Rhymes compartmentalized, seperatized to prevent bootleg Pirates
Be my guest keep tryin'

I'm hooked on Hip-Hop, I can't live without it
You can mix this song a thousand ways I don't doubt it
 The Visionary Cell designed my new Lab
 Paul Laffoley engineered a magnificent draft
 You said "the best shouldn't ask for respect"
Is that correct? Yes, could you please speak up, I SAID YES!
 That's not possible, that's sounds completely illogical
 You must've been kicked the fuck out of school
 You cannot fold under the political pressure
You gotta take prudent and precautionary measures
 Four and a half foot beings with big black eyes
 Tried to trap me and extract my rhymes, all the time
 A Luciferian web, everyday we are buryin' dead
Every color in America bled; this is Empirical evidence
 Of the greatest collection of Canibus sentences
 You'll never reach the end of it
 Fire for effect, smoke out then rest
 Give me a wedge formation, roll out like this
I will spare no sin, walk in with a scarecrow grin
 Of nothin' on this Planet can dissuade this
They left me dehydrated by the Nile River naked but I made it
 With passion of a Microphone Patriot
I did it for my Fathers; I did it for my Mothers and my Brothers
 I did it for the world to discover
 The head of a Lion, the legs of an Eagle
 The wings of a Dragon, and to the people
 I hope the words reach you
There is strength in numbers, there is numbers in strength
 The ink, I bow before the desert wall of the Sphinx
 Into the bottomless pool of Poetry I plunge
 1000 Bars from the real Iron Lungs
 Everybody bow your heads, say this prayer
From this moment HIP-HOP IS UNITED EVERYWHERE
 POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
 I WILL FOREVER BE THEILLEST LYRICALLY!!!
 POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
 POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
 POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
THIS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE IN HISTORY!!!

[Sample:]
"It's all about becoming more..."